I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Baſſ. Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memorie,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand Ducats: vvhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip vvas the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your Bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wiſe Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Poſſeſſor; I, hee vvas the third.
Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere ſtreak't and pied

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes
In end of Autumne, turned to the Ra
And vvhen the worke of generation
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me cert
And in the doing of the deed of kind
He ſtucke them up before the fulſom
Who then conceaving, did in eanin
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and tho
This was a way to thrive, and he wa
And thrift is Bleſſing, if men ſteale
Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, th
A thing not in his power to bring to
But ſwaid and faſhion'd by the hand
Was this inſerted to make Intereſt g
Or is your gold and ſilver, Ewes an
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it bre
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this, *Baſſanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for h
An evill ſoule producing holy vvitn
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling che
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly out-ſide Falſhood
Shyl. Three thouſand Ducats, 'tis
Three months from twelve, then I
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, many a
In the Ryalto, you have rated m
About my monies and my uſances
Still have I borne it with a patient
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all o
You call me miſ-beleever, cut-thr
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh gaberd
And all for uſe of that vvhich is mi
Well then, it now appeares you ne
Goe to then, you come to me, and
Shylocke, we would have monies,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.